THE
NATION

MARCH 30, 1957 . . 25c

THE FABULOUS SWEAT BOX . . *Dan Wakefield*

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LETTERS

The Careful Generation

[*Here is additional reader reaction to the symposium on today's undergraduates which appeared in the March 9 issue under the title "The Careful Young Men."—Ed.*]

Dear Sirs: As a student, I found your March 9 issue extremely interesting. It provoked many of us here at Bates, and especially the seniors, to think seriously about the education we have received and to attempt to identify the writers who have most influenced our lives and our ideas.

MARGOT KIRITZ
'57 Bates College
Lewiston, Maine

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* has attempted a significant service to liberalism in its symposium, *The Careful Young Men.* Unfortunately it has missed its mark. The difficulty lies, I think, in the selection of the kind of professors thought most fitted to analyze "tomorrow's leaders." The fact is that the more intelligent, the more capable, the more interested and dynamic student no longer (if, indeed, he ever did) majors in the fields encompassed by the English Department.

Thus, while agreeing with many points made, I find the whole analysis misses the basic issues. Most of your contributors agreed that modern students have no "heroes"; however, those of us working in the fields of political science or psychology know this to be false—it is simply that the heroes are no longer "literary." If there were no heroes, there would be cause for celebration. Unfortunately, the fanatic (there is no other word for it) devotion demonstrated by students for "Ike" or "Adlai" or even "Estes" demonstrated that the immature need for "Great Men" exists still.

GEORGE VON HILSHEIMER
Director of Religious Education
Ethical Society of St. Louis
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: When you ask English professors to say who are the successors of Mencken and Hemingway as the inspiration of undergraduate thinking, you load the dice. The professors may be sensitive reporters but you ask them to report on a limited sector of undergraduate thinking—the vocal, "literary-philosophic" crowd. Thus Professor Baker writes, "They are too busy . . . thinking about older thinkers and writers." Alas, too many are not interested in thinkers at all.

This opacity of thinking is not limited to the Colleges of Commerce nor to those who are—if we are to believe Professor Bestor—brainwashed by Colleges of Education. In a certain large liberal-arts college the very *high honors seniors* listened in stony silence to a talk on civil liberties. On direct questioning, *not one* professed any interest or concern about civil liberties in general or his own in particular. Mind you, this is the elite, the top 3 per cent of a liberal-arts college, highly intelligent and in their way well educated. But they are not, you may be sure, reading either old or new literary thinkers. The professors of English in their colleges haven't seen them since they passed freshman composition. They are taking courses in chemistry and physics in order to meet the demand for scientists to beat the Russians—and incidentally to get one of those high salaries. And these are the chaps who will really be running the country in the next two decades.

HORACE B. ENGLISH
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

[*The author of the following letter gave it the title, The Tedious Old Men: Today's Teachers Analyzed by One of Tomorrow's Careful Young Men. All quoted material was lifted from* The Nation's *symposium; the italicized words were interpolated by the writer.*]

Dear Sirs: "It has been common talk among" *students that teachers* "have become increasingly bland in every way. Passivity is the last word we expect to use in connection with a generation of" *teachers,* "but it's the only word that applies to the American university" *professor* "of the past few years."

"Gone is the urge to" *teach* "proletarian fiction, Marxist or Catholic or liberal philosophy, books about society, books about politics, economics, international affairs. Because, first, it would be too hard to" *teach;* "and, second, because he would not feel he could spare the time for intellectual pursuit that did not clearly make him" *secure in* "his economic niche. Few at the age of" *forty, fifty, or sixty* "are sound critics of the society they live in and the others reach for the images of life that are most insistently offered them. Today these are images of luxury."

"Why should the splendid minds, with such fine potentiality, seem so moribund? They hope for individual peace and endurance, act as if the contemporary mess may change into international order, and concentrate on" *words,* "where they know they will be for some time."

FREDDY PERLMAN
New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Knocking at the Door

Washington

Fascist Spain is inching nearer to membership in NATO. While Dictator Franco will probably fail to make the grade at the next meeting of the North Atlantic Council, which opens in Bonn on May 2, it is clear that the opposition has been weakening.

Franco is drawing his main encouragement from the American Congress. Last Wednesday the House of Representatives passed by acclamation a resolution calling on the State Department to continue to use its good offices to achieve Spain's participation in the Atlantic alliance. An almost identical resolution is before the Senate and is assured of adoption.

Franco's diplomatic representatives are hopeful that this development will give his NATO aspiration the little extra push needed. Several factors have been improving Spain's chances:

1. Four NATO countries have pledged support for Spain—Portugal, Italy, Greece and Turkey.

2. Franco expects France to back Spain's candidacy despite the Socialist leadership of the French government. The explanation seems to lie in a little Spanish blackmail in North Africa: Spanish political influence contributed, however slightly, towards attainment of Moroccan and Tunisian independence, and more recently Spain has been supporting Algeria's rebels.

3. As long as the Conservatives hold power in Britain, the British could be expected to favor Spain's entry.

4. Belgium was an opponent of Spain's admission under former Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak. But a few weeks ago Spaak became NATO's secretary-general. At his new post, the Belgian Social Democrat seems to be more aware of the military meaning of Spain's thirteen divisions. So Belgian resistance against Spanish inclusion in NATO has waned.

However, one negative vote in NATO is enough to blackball any new member. Norway and Denmark—especially the former—remain strongly opposed to admitting Spain. The Norwegians have kept fresh in their memory the role of Generalissimo Francisco Franco as Hitler's accomplice. And despite Congress's resolution, the State Department is cautious. It prefers to avoid risking a setback to American prestige by sponsoring the entry of Spain into NATO only to have such a move vetoed by one or both Scandinavian allies. American tactics are to expand technical military collaboration between the Supreme Allied Command in Europe and Spain. The more such links are extended and tightened, the easier it will be at a suitable moment to ease Spain into NATO membership.

Apart from other considerations—and Franco's record has been recited many times in these pages—the admission of Spain to NATO, given the chaotic conditions inside the country, might result in NATO military units being used, on some bloody tomorrow, as a kind of international constabulary to maintain law-and-order in Franco's Spain. The prospect is not reassuring.

Budget Fever

It is not difficult to understand why budget-fever has become pandemic. Twelve years after the end of World War II, the military side of the budget is almost as effectively removed from civilian control as though we were still at war. By way of increasing their annoyance, taxpayers are also discovering that there is little likelihood of substantial cuts being made in other parts of the budget. Defense spending accounts for 63 per cent of the total. An additional 25 per cent is devoted to so-called "program" items which are, in effect, fixed charges. This leaves 10 or 12 per cent which is subject to cuts—the amounts to be spent for schools, highways, irrigation projects and the like—but even the most ferocious budget-cutters hesitate to wield the axe on these items. The upshot is—as the taxpayer sees it—that Congress has lost control of the budget. Nor does he find any comfort in the assurance that a $71.8 billion budget only amounts to 17 per cent of the gross national product; he is thinking about the future. For example, will the military side of the budget continue to increase?

To recapture control of the budget, Congress should overcome its reluctance to debate military policy and defense spending. Currently both parties are committed to the dogma that the military budget may be increased, but never cut. Direct pressures for defense spending do not alone account for this bipartisan subservience to the military. To be sure, budget preparation is today a very intricate and complex task and one which Congress is not equipped to undertake. One can appreciate, also, the reluctance of Senators and Representatives to question the recommendations of military experts. But sooner or later Congress will be forced to decide how much of the gross national product is to be devoted to non-productive military expenditures and how much is to be devoted to what is now termed "non-protection spending," that is, spending for socially

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useful purposes. To decide this issue, Congress will need to debate the assumptions on which the military experts base their recommendations. This is exactly what the House of Commons did in its recent brilliant debate on the assumptions of the cold war which, because it was critical, hard-headed and thoroughgoing, produced agreement on the necessity for cuts in the British military budget.

A Dilapidated Umbrella

Melbourne

The Australian press and radio did their best to play up the Canberra SEATO Conference as a really important meeting, but it was hard going. Despite all the brave words in Canberra, the prospects of making SEATO an effective security organization have steadily diminished since 1954. The Colombo powers remain suspicious and hostile. Malaya will not join. Laos and Cambodia are increasingly reluctant to seek shelter under this particular umbrella. Britain and France are cutting their military commitments in this part of the world. Above all, the real struggle against Communist expansion in Southeast Asia has shifted from the military to the political and economic fields, while SEATO is essentially a military arrangement. And the Western members want to keep it that way, and not to expand its functions to include economic and technical aid, which are being handled in other ways, notably in the Colombo Plan. SEATO's weakness was unwittingly revealed by the Canberra schedule. The military representatives met first, and got their work finished before the political representatives settled down to theirs. It was surely odd to ask the soldiers to work out their joint military plans first, and then ask the statesmen to analyze the political circumstances and determine the political objectives which the military plans are presumably designed to serve. There was great satisfaction in Australia that Mr. Dulles, unlike the British and French Foreign Ministers, thought it worth while to come, but some bewilderment that he should have chosen this occasion to reiterate so belligerently America's resolve to resist China's entry to the United Nations. This seemed to put an inopportune emphasis on the failure of America on the one side, and of Britain and most Asian countries on the other, to adopt a common political policy in the region. And without that the appointment of new officials, and the mounting of new military exercises, will hardly help SEATO bring security to Southeast Asia.

The Scandal Business

The current investigation of scandal magazines which a California legislative committee has been conducting has turned up some delectable scandal and some scandalous detectives but has failed to make a case for special legislation to regulate the "scandal" magazines. A special problem is involved, extremely limited in character. The chief offender, *Confidential*, is not published in California and the entire edition of each issue is sold to the distributor on publication. It is, therefore, difficult for the California courts to acquire jurisdiction; there is no one to serve with a summons. If suits are brought in New York, where the publication's principal office is maintained, they may not be brought to trial for several years. No doubt this procedural snafu is irritating to the plaintiffs in libel actions, but they will eventually have their day in court. In the meantime legislative inquiries of the type being conducted in Hollywood merely bring the scandal to the front pages of the nation's press and give rise to dangerously half-baked suggestions that "something must be done" about the scandal magazines. To date there has been no showing that the existing libel and slander laws are inadequate to protect individuals against the type of scandal-mongering in which these magazines indulge.

Dirty Work in Laos

Washington

Everyone knows that a government in which virtuous men like John Foster Dulles are at the top would be incapable of meddling in the internal affairs of nations America befriends. That's the sort of thing we've come to expect from the Russians. Yet perhaps the time has come once again—remember the 1953 elections in Italy and in the German Federal Republic? remember the Mossadegh episode in Iran?—to confess to some passing doubts.

For several months there has been an imminent prospect that the cabinet of the tiny Indo-Chinese land of Laos would be reshuffled to admit the Communist-tinged Pathet Lao party. Befriended by Communist China and by Red Vietminh, the party is claiming some ministerial portfolios as part of a broader deal.

Last December 28, two half-brothers, both Laotian princes, reached an agreement. One party to the pact was the royal government's Prime Minister, Souphanou Phouma; the other was his near kin, Souvanna Vong, a leader of the leftist Pathet Lao. Neither the Pathet Lao nor the country's National Assembly has so far ratified the arrangement, in which the Pathet Lao, in return for ministerial posts, offered two important concessions to the royal government: first, the Pathet Lao would relinquish the two Northern provinces which it rules; second, its army of about 25,000 would be disbanded, some units joining the national forces.

Our State Department has been eyeing the whole matter with repugnance. In fact, late last year, U. S. diplomats informally told Laos that if the Pathet Lao Reds were admitted to the national government, the United States would suspend all further assistance to that country. This is no small matter, since the $36 mil-

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lion a year we have been granting Laos has financed the maintenance of its regular army.

American authorities have been hinting that the whole December 28 deal should be scrapped and that the royal government should end all traffic with the Pathet Lao. The same Washington authorities see a chance of installing a more pro-American regime in Laos' capital, Vientiane. The State Department and Pentagon view Prime Minister Prince Phouma as far too soft toward the Left. Washington's candidate is Vice-Premier Katay Sassorith, a rightist politican who has publicly been warning his countrymen against the prevailing neutralism which countenances friendly relations with Communist China, Russia and North Vietnam as well as with the West.

In advance of a possible political coup in Laos aimed at sweeping an American puppet regime into office, it is well to remind ourselves that our own two princely brothers, Foster and Allen, would never be guilty of dirty work at the Laotian crossroads.

CREDITS AND OSCARS . . *by Elizabeth Poe*

Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD may seem an unlikely place to study fundamental trade-union principles, but a Hollywood union, the Writers Guild of America, West, formerly known as the Screen Writers' Guild, has only recently decided to observe an old and obvious rule—that an injury to one is an injury to all, even if the injured one is accused of communism.

The writers' new position came at an awkward time for the rest of the industry, just as Hollywood prepared for its annual self-deification ritual, the awarding of the Motion Picture Academy "Oscars." Among the leading contenders for the prizes were *Friendly Persuasion* and *Eighty Days Around the World*, both the subject of bitter disputes over authorship. A Quaker novelist claims she wrote a script to which the Writers Guild says she contributed insufficiently to deserve a credit; the biggest showman on earth insists that only Todd knows who writes his films. Hollywood is in a tizzy.

As a strange result of these difficulties, there is now a strong attack on the political blacklist in Hollywood—led, improbably enough, by the Writers Guild, which itself helped to enforce the blacklist.

Last year the Fund for the Republic sponsored the publication of a two-volume study called *Report on Blacklisting*, a work which described at length the doings of Hollywood trade unions in the days when there was no political blacklist, but which neglected to explain what happened to Hollywood unions once the blacklist forced hundreds out of work in the motion-picture industry, some via the House Committee on Un-American Activities, others through privately-lodged charges of left-wing association. The effect of such an employment policy on Hollywood's trade unions was as predictable as the end of a Western movie. Instead of defending their members' job security, many of the unions joined in the persecution.

In order to grasp the intricate relationship among trade unionism, blacklisting, the Quaker novelist and Todd, it is necessary to understand that a dispute over credits may arise even when there is good faith all around. A producer may buy an original story, appoint a team of writers to convert it into a screenplay, discard this team and fire another writer, then sell the first result to a second producer who gets another team, followed by a man who does a polish job. Before the Writers Guild was organized, the producer gave screenplay credit to whichever writer he happened to like best, or whichever had the most box-office appeal. Sometimes he took the credit himself, or gave it to his son. Finally, in 1940, the writers won from the producers the right to determine credit themselves. The guild set up arbitration committees to handle questions of disputed authorship. Rigid rules were established under which no person who had not contributed more than one-third of the final screenplay won credit. The system worked fine for twelve years; the screen-writers thrived and soon overtook the status enjoyed in motion-picture society by make-up men. But then came the blacklist. The subsequent challenge of the writers' position was disguised at first as anti-communism, and it took a while for its full import to be recognized.

The issue was Paul Jarrico's right to credit on a film called *The Las Vegas Story*. Jarrico had written this film for RKO before refusing to cooperate with the House committee. In 1952, Howard Hughes, then head of RKO, ordered Jarrico's name off the screen credits of *The Las Vegas Story*. When Jarrico and the Writers Guild went to court in independent but parallel protests, the courts upheld Hughes in both cases.

The guild not only lost its suit, but went all the way over to the producers' side, rewriting its basic contract to allow employers to withhold screen credit from any writer who refused to answer questions about his politics, whether the questions came from the House committee or from the producers themselves.

Several years went by without the invocation of this strange no-author provision in a writers' union contract. No uncooperative committee witnesses remained on studio payrolls, and there seemed to be no occasion for a producer to avail himself of the escape clause. But then came the Geneva spirit, and William

ELIZABETH POE last year completed a study of political blacklisting in Hollywood for the Fund for the Republic.

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Wyler, one of the best producer-directors in Hollywood, decided to take a chance.

Ten years earlier, a company with which Wyler was associated had employed Michael Wilson to write a screenplay based on a book of short stories by Jessamyn West called *The Friendly Persuasion.* The screenplay focused on the Quakers' conflict between anti-slavery and anti-war sentiments during the Civil War. Shelved when the Korean war started, the project was revived in 1955, but as production plans progressed on the film, there was much Hollywood speculation. What would Wyler do about credit to Wilson, who in the meantime had been blacklisted?

Wyler's apparent efforts to meet this problem are recorded by Miss West in a journal of her Hollywood experiences called *To See The Dream.* According to her account, she was first hired as a screen-writer for *Friendly Persuasion,* then removed after another writer was called in. Next she was made technical adviser for the film, but finally she was asked to go back to work on the script again, working with still a third writer, Robert Wyler, to help her along with the technical problems. In her journal, Miss West mentions that there was a ten-year-old script around, but she observes that it wasn't much good. There was a lot of difficulty, however, in preparing a new script. Solving one of the central problems brought Miss West a "tightening of the skin across the cheekbone" and a "contracting of the chest."

WHEN WYLER finally released the film, he contended that Miss West and his brother Robert had written the final screenplay, but Michael Wilson demanded a Writers Guild arbitration on the question of script authorship. The guild jury decided, after analysis of the final shooting script, that it had been written by Michael Wilson, and therefore awarded Wilson *sole* screenplay credit. This meant that, according to the Guild, neither Miss West nor Robert Wyler had contributed as much as a third each to the shooting script, a requirement for individual credit, and that as a team they had not contributed 40 per cent, for they were not granted team credit.

Despite the guild's arbitration decision, Wyler—who had invested three million dollars in the film—obviously believed or was told that he could not give screen credit to a blacklisted writer, even though it had been at least five years since the American Legion had publicly threatened to picket films on such grounds. Therefore the producer invoked the credit escape clause of the Writers Guild contract for the first time in Hollywood history, and released *Friendly Persuasion* with no screenplay credit at all.

THE DAY the film was released, Wilson sued Wyler, Jessamyn West and others involved in the film, charging that Miss West and Robert Wyler had been assigned to make minor changes in his script in an effort to eliminate the necessity of credit to him. *Time* magazine delivered the most apt and unexpected blow of all against William Wyler's difficult position. Said *Time's* reviewer: *"Friendly Persuasion* is a nice folksy costume comedy that tries to say something serious about the relation—and the lack of it—between private morals and public life. Before the picture ever reached the screen, it was accused of malpracticing what it preaches. Scriptwriter Michael Wilson, who cinemadapted the 1945 bestseller by Jessamyn West, was denied a screen credit for his work because he pleaded the Fifth Amendment in 1951 for refusing to answer questions before the House Un-American Committee. The studio, a small outfit, was of no mind to risk its principal ($3,200,000) for principle."

At this point the Writers Guild remained silent. After all, the guild had opened the door when it rewrote its basic agreement, and Wyler could not be taken to task for walking in. The producers had a contract with the writers which said it was perfectly okay for a producer to release a film with no credit for the writer who wrote the script.

Yet the whole thing seemed rather strange in 1957 Hollywood, and there was a lot of worried talk among screen-writers who had been in the movie colony before the guild was organized and remembered what it was like. Screen credits are their stock in trade, the currency with which they negotiate their jobs.

Shortly after *Friendly Persuasion* was released, another odd thing happened, rudely reminding the writers again of those chaotic days fifteen years ago when producers gave credits to suit themselves. Producer Mike Todd announced that he was giving sole screenplay credit for *Eighty Days Around the World* to S. J. Perelman, and he didn't give a damn what the writers' union said. A guild arbitration committee had awarded screenplay credit for the Todd extravaganza to the screen writers, with James Poe and John Farrow listed first and Mr. Perelman listed last. When *Eighty Days Around the World* was released with Perelman's name alone as scriptwriter, this was a direct challenge. The guild stood defied. With one grand gesture, Mike Todd had helped turn the clock back to before 1940, when the guild signed its first contract with the producers.

BUT the real trouble started after the screenplays for both *Friendly Persuasion* and *Eighty Days Around the World* were put in nomination for Oscar awards. On this issue the screen-writers rallied and started to fight back.

Confronted with the fact that Wilson might very likely win an Oscar, the Motion Picture Academy executive board hastily passed a law stating that any person who has failed to answer questions before the House Committee on Un-American Activities is ineligible for the prize. In its haste, the academy apparently forgot that Michael Wilson had received an Oscar in 1951 for his co-authorship of the screenplay for *A Place in the Sun,* which had been written, like *Friendly Persuasion,* before Wilson was blacklisted.

Startled by the anti-Wilson position taken by the academy, which could be nothing but a slap against the guild, the writers belatedly came to life. Indignantly, they let out a noise that sounded up Hollywood's canyons with the fearless ring of a

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pre-blacklist trade-union war cry. The Writers Guild gives out its own annual awards, and the writers nominated Michael Wilson to receive one for the screenplay of *Friendly Persuasion*. "In the event that Mr. Wilson should win in our Awards," said the guild, "he will receive his due. We will not cavil."

On March 7, in the cavernous Moulin Rouge on Sunset Boulevard, Wilson won the Writers Guild award for the best American drama presented in 1956. The award was greeted by the deafening applause of more than one thousand assembled Hollywood dignitaries. The audience laughed loudest that night at Groucho Marx's quip: "Take, for example, *The Ten Commandments*. Original story by Moses. . . . The producers were forced to keep Moses' name off the writing credits because they found out he had once crossed the Red Sea."

In the midst of the award hubbub, Showman Mike Todd saw that he had underestimated the guild and gave in. He decided to abide by the guild arbitration decision and set the writing credits straight for *Eighty Days Around the World*. After that, the Writers Guild went beyond *Friendly Persuasion* in its rollback to trade unionism. It sent word to Paul Jarrico that it would go to bat for his credit on an old Jarrico movie that had been remade recently without any credit to Jarrico.

There was no doubt about it, the problem of credits for Writers Guild members now had to be faced as one package. The guild's new position could develop into a major breakthrough in the fight against blacklisting and eventually restore the principle that a writer or other artist should be judged by his work alone.

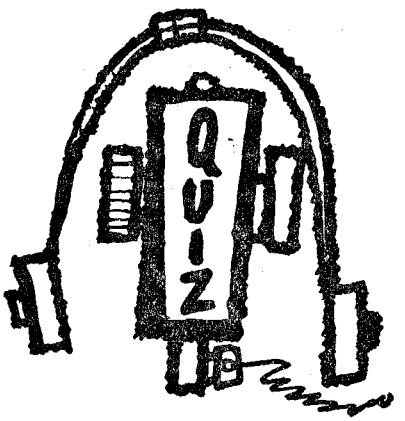
THE FABULOUS SWEAT BOX . . *by Dan Wakefield*

"I will study and get ready, and maybe the chance will come."
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MR. LINCOLN'S resolution, if repeated today, would immediately be understood by the speaker's friends and neighbors. It would obviously mean that the fellow was going to try for a chance at the jackpot on one of TV's fortune-paying quiz shows.

The phenomenon of the jackpot quiz craze, in which the least among us may make a fortune overnight, is the newest translation of the Great American Dream. If Horatio Alger were with us now, his story would inevitably be that of a struggling delivery boy who bought the twenty-four sets of the Funk and Wagnalls encyclopedia on the grocery-store installment plan, read them while peddling his bicycle to work no-handed through a sea of power-gliding automobiles, and appeared on *Twenty-One* to conquer Mrs. Vivienne Nearing and eventually win the Geritol Company.

The Constitution of the United States, which guarantees a citizen's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, has always been understood to imply that every American has the chance to rise suddenly to the top of the heap from the deepest wilderness of obscurity and make his fortune, name and success. One or two do; millions are comforted by the thought that they might. There was once The Frontier, and young men could Go West to carve their fortune from the challenge of the new land. Then there was the



economic frontier, the age of Horatio Alger, and every poor boy was able to tell himself that he, though a lowly bootblack, might rise to be the king of a moneyed empire. But then something happened.

When World War II was over, *Time* magazine told us that the younger generation was not so interested as its predecessors in trying to be The Top. One young man was quoted as saying that all the old frontiers were conquered, and he and his peers could do no more than bounce off the walls of an overly padded society. It was not so much the reality that had changed as the myth. C. Wright Mills, in *The Power Elite*, points out that, contrary to popular opinion, there are still new millionaires created every year, and there are more of them in the country today than in any era in our history except one. But the popular conception of rising to oriental splendor overnight was shadowed by the new conception of The Organization, the income tax and the growing complications of a society that seemed to be too big and impersonal to grapple with. The prospect was rather depressing. People began to get tired blood.

Into the vacated myth of quick success, the jackpot quiz shows came with an answer. They came to an audience hungry for glory, excitement, surprises and reassurance that the man in the anonymous street might still suddenly rise to a place in the golden sun. (Overheard in a bar after a TV quiz show: "When I was a kid I could tell you the batting average of every man in the major leagues. Maybe if I studied up again . . .")

Though the quiz show had made its mark in the old days of radio, it was on a quite different plane. The very names of the leading shows in the radio era of the late thirties and

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the forties, and the names of the current top television programs, indicate the difference. The first era's leaders were *Information Please, Take It Or Leave It* (popularly known as "The $64 Question") and *Truth or Consequences.* The new era leaders include such titles as *The Big Surprise, The $64,000 Question, The Big Payoff, Break the Bank* and *Strike It Rich.* The quiz show is no longer casual; the question is one of fortune or failure.

IT IS basically a change in quantity that has brought about a change in quality and significance of the quiz programs. The elements that have made the TV quiz shows, at least temporarily, a national institution, were there in seed form in their radio forerunners. The most obvious of these elements is the money itself. The listeners to *Take It Or Leave It* were able to get excited over whether a man selected right out of the studio audience was going to win $64, with which he might, at best, buy himself a new suit or camera or fishing outfit. It was a minor real-life drama, like finding a wallet in the street with a $50 bill inside. Multiplying the prize 1,000 times has turned it into major drama. A man can make a small fortune before the eyes of the audience by answering the $64,000 question. Or he can lose one; and tragedy is just as dramatic as triumph.

Once *The $64,000 Question* had put the hundreds-of-dollars shows that preceded it into financial insignificance, and proved the value of its major life-drama appeal (by regularly drawing a TV audience of fifty-five millions and increasing its sponsor's—Revlon's—earnings almost 200 per cent the first year of the show), the race was on to make the dramas bigger by making the stakes bigger. *The Big Surprise* came out with a jackpot of $100,000, and was soon topped by *Twenty-One,* on which the stakes are unlimited and Charles Van Doren ran his winnings to $129,000 before being eliminated. The day after Van Doren reached the end of his highly publicized winning streak, *The $64,000 Question* announced that it was raising its ante to $256,000 "to keep up with the trend of the times." Under the new system, a winner of the $64,000 question may return without jeopardizing his jackpot and attempt to add to it up to a quarter of a million dollars.

The only detracting element from the drama and reality of these jackpot prizes are the mammoth cuts that taxes make—and the next big TV giveaway show, of course, appeared with a gimmick to beat it. *Do You Trust Your Wife* pays its winnings out at $100 a week over a sixteen-year period, and the taxes are deducted yearly as they would be from a $5,200 annual salary. On this show, the player can win a lifetime vacation—or, having glimpsed it, lose and return to the awful prospect of life as it was before.

TV Guide recently confirmed the the audience imagination of the terror of defeat by reporting an interview with a Los Angeles truck-driver named Al Einfrank who lost the $32,000 he had won by failing to answer the $64,000 question. On the morning after the disaster, *TV Guide's* reporter found that:

> In the tiny hotel room, Al Einfrank sat on an unmade bed and stared at his rented TV set. From the breast pocket of Al's double-breasted suit protruded a handkerchief on which the words "Don't Cry" were embroidered.
>
> "I cried all night when my nephew called me up from Arizona," Al said to a visitor. "But I'm OK now."
>
> . . . For consolation, [Al] won a Cadillac convertible.
>
> "Ha," he said with some bitterness. "What am I going to do with a Cadillac?"

Defeat on one of the jackpot quiz shows can be as melodramatically terrible as victory is wonderful. A man's future hangs in the balance—and you are there.

THE INVASION of personal privacy is one of the prices the quiz contestant must pay for his chance at the jackpot. The Peeping-Tom aspect of the television quizzes is one of the most important elements of success, and it, too, was first stumbled upon in the old days of the radio quiz. Phil Baker, the MC of *Take It Or Leave It* (the original $64 question show), found that audiences were most enthusiastic when a serviceman on leave was the winner, and he set up a special system of drawing for contestants so that at least two or three servicemen would be on every show. When the audience had some knowledge about the contestant that made them feel sympathetic—such as knowing he was in the service—their interest was much greater in the questions and answers. How much more interested would the audience be if they knew the intimate details of the contestant's private life—knew why the contestant needed the money he might win, and what he would do with it if he did?

THE MAN who supplied the jackpot answer to that rhetorical question was a fellow named Walt Framer. He originated and produced the first long-run success in the TV quiz field—a late morning show called *Strike It Rich,* designed to satisfy the emotional needs of every soap-opera lover. Now in its tenth birthday year, *Strike It Rich* is introduced to its studio audiences by Framer as the longest continuously running TV quiz show on the air. It is a real-life sob program chock full of episodes that would make the authors of *Stella Dallas* and *Just Plain Bill* blanche in anguish before setting down. But producer Framer need not invent; he has only to invite into the CBS studio on New York's West 47th Street all those who labor and are heavy laden, and he will give them, at the very least, a box of soapsuds. They can get on the show by writing the story of whom they want to help win money and prizes for, or take the chance of coming to the studio and filling out a card that may be selected—after the proper interviews—for a chance to *Strike It Rich.* Part of the melodrama is supplied by the fact that no one can *Strike It Rich* for himself—a friend or relative answers the questions.

The cards passed among the audience stress the need for the applicant to give all the gory details available: "The judges are interested in your true story." And so are

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the millions of housewives across the plains who have left the dishes in the sink to watch the spectacle.

The *Strike It Rich* theme is brought into play immediately when Mr. Framer, a super-charged, bug-like man wearing thick glasses, bustles to the front of the stage before show time, cracks a few jokes, and introduces the MC as "the man who makes more people happy than anyone in the business" and the announcer as "a fellow who came out here from Denver with a hole in his shoe and here he is now, which shows that you too *can* strike it rich!"

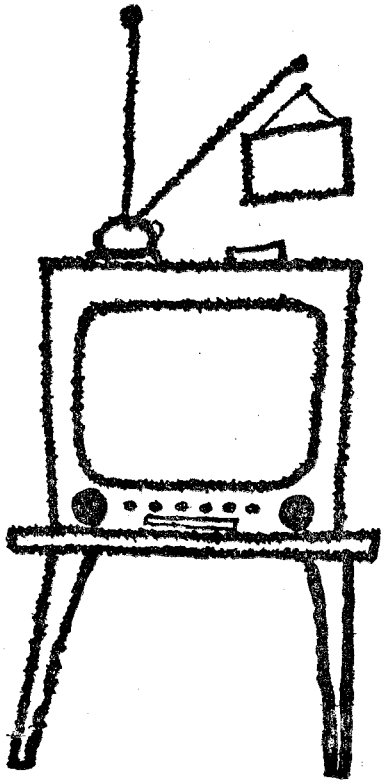
ONE recent *Strike It Rich* installment was typical of the daily fare. During its dramatic half hour, Ted Lewis, the guest of honor, won $260 for a destitute couple in Indianapolis who had written in telling why they needed money to buy a tractor. A man and his wife from Augusta, Georgia, identified "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," the sport played by Cary Middlecoff and the female lead of *South Pacific* to win $225 for a seventy-year-old neighbor and his wife who were too infirm to work and couldn't face the latest bills. A woman who was in debt with bills for an invalid daughter tried to extend some winnings of the day before, but guessed that New York was farther south than Oklahoma or Kansas and was thus eliminated from further fortune. Before the question she was asked to hold up a picture of her daughter for the cameras so all the folks out there could see. The president of an Atlanta Shrine chapter appeared with a mother and her thirteen-year-old boy who had only one arm, and a mechanical hand. The Shrine president explained that he was trying to raise money for a fund to send the boy to high school, and had come up from Atlanta to the show for that purpose. The camera focussed on the president, the mother and the one-armed boy—and it was then announced that time was up, they would have to appear on tomorrow's show to try to *Strike It Rich.*

The boy, of course, would not be the one to answer the questions—the business of putting him before the cameras was purely for the visual emotional charge given to the watching housewives. He was a human "prop" for the program.

It was stretching the drama too far, of course, to send the lame, the halt and the blind off the show with nothing but complimentary soapsuds. Mr. Framer therefore has instituted a gimmick known as "The Heartline" which involves a telephone ringing at the end of the question period with offers of gifts from sympathetic viewers—or, in the absence of sympathetic viewers, enterprising manufacturers who chip in with some of their products and get the advertising benefit of having them mentioned on the show. Thus, everything ends on a happy note of assurance that good triumphs and men are generous brothers.

The win or the loss is not so important as the drama, of course, and the key to that is the private knowledge the contestant bares to the eager audience. The show's philosophy is explained by Mr. Framer in instructing the contestants on his afternoon show, *The Big Payoff,* how to tell why they want—and need—to win the prizes. "Put your heart on your sleeve when you tell about it, fella—*sell* it."

Strike It Rich and *The Big Payoff*



are examples of the direct invasion of the TV quiz contestant's privacy—the frankly heart-on-sleeve approach that takes priority over the quiz itself in creating the show's appeal. But on programs where questions are more difficult than the identification of Cary Middlecoff's sport, there are indirect but still important exposures of the person involved in the struggle. One of these elements of exposure and its audience appeal was discovered back at the inception of the first big radio quiz hit, *Information Please.* Writing about the sudden success of the show soon after its beginning in 1938, Henry Morton Robinson reported:

> A young radio entrepreneur named Dan Golenpaul figured it out this way: He thought people were getting bored by the familiar Ask Me Another features, in which some patronizing sage puts us ordinary citizens on before the microphone and mortifies us with questions we can't answer. He was sure the public would like to turn the tables on the experts, torment them with questions, and chuckle over their floundering replies. So Golenpaul worked out the *Information Please* plan under which listeners submit questions and the highbrows answer if they can . . .

Such brain-busting quiz shows as *Twenty-One* and *The $64,000 Challenge* turn this formula into an even more satisfying spectacle for the public. The highbrows, whose university positions and degrees are read off before the battle, are sent to the isolation booths for tormenting sessions in which the floundering reply may not only be embarrassing, but costly. The mass audience is treated to seeing the intellectual lured from his "ivory tower" by cash and entered in the rat race with everyone else. Anyone who says that most of the intellectuals who try for their fortune in the isolation booths are not aware of some degrading exposure had better look again at their faces when the music plays and the camera goes in for a closeup. They are well aware that they didn't study literature to tell a circus-barking announcer the name of Proust's doctor's dog, or challenge a man with a photographic

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memory on the life and works of J. S. Bach. There is something about it that makes the learned contestants—as well as those viewers who sympathize with them—feel the need to squirm.

The non-professorial type contestants who usually make up the field on *The $64,000 Question* are chosen not only for their knowledge in a particular subject, but also for their "uniqueness" in having it—e.g., the jockey expert on painting, the minister expert on jazz, the child expert on the stock market. It appears to the audience to be a strange and fascinating coincidence. In *The Age of Television,* Leo Bogart wrote that contestants for the top quiz shows "are as carefully screened and selected for their talent and audience appeal as the star entertainer of any variety show. Yet the viewers are drawn powerfully to the program by the belief that the quiz represents a real life drama being played before their eyes."

And therein lies the big cheat of the big payoff TV quiz shows. Certainly part of their appeal must lie in the fact that they provide one of the last spectacles of risk in our increasingly "canned" and "packaged" society. But, ironically enough, the producers of the programs have cut away the possibilities of risk to the bare minimum of whether or not the contestant knows the answer. In the sealed world of the isolation booth, very little can go wrong. The safety precautions taken by the producers have increased in proportion with the jackpot rise from the old days of $64 to the current quarter-million.

On *Take It Or Leave It,* the $64 question show, contestants were selected by a drawing from bowls into which the audience dropped ticket stubs as they entered the studio. When they came before Phil Baker for the quiz, he knew only three facts about them—name, hometown and occupation. It produces the purest nostalgia to flip back and read an account by Jerome Beatty in *The American Magazine* of the trials Mr. Baker encountered:

> [Baker] keeps the show running in oil and it appears to be an effortless lark for him, but he is more frightened than the most timorous contestant, and ends each program soaking wet from nervous perspiration. There is an ever present danger that a contestant may blurt out something gosh awful, either because he is so scared that he says the first thing that comes to his mind, or because he is a smart aleck.

Such danger is now eliminated. The 15,000 letters of application that come each week to the managers of *The $64,000 Question* are carefully sifted, and one out of ten is acknowledged with a letter asking for more facts about the applicant. Later, the applicant must provide character references and tell what he will do with the money if he wins it. The final applicants are then brought to New York for intensive interviews, and put in a hotel room paid for by the program. They are screened by staff interviewers, including a psychiatrist, to judge their acceptability. The program likes to have its contestants be "characters without being too odd."

There is really no longer a chance for a "big surprise" from the contestants, and danger from audience hinters and hecklers is of course done away with by the soundproof walls that encloses the contestant.

The new Horatio Alger, "a character without being too odd," tells how he'll spend his fortune according to the intention previously approved by the program-screening staff, while the audience gasps and claps in the anticipated manner for the planned length of time. None of us need fear or hope for an outcry of joy or rage from the victor or loser. Our new social hero stands at his moment of truth in the isolation booth—safe, sealed and soundproof.

'Liberation': Evolution of a Policy . . *by Frederic W. Collins*

THE LIBERATION policy of the Eisenhower Administration, born with something of a bang in the 1952 campaign, seems to have whimpered out on March 15, 1957. Only some wholly new idea for making it work can permit it to reappear with the vigor once attributed to it, and none is now visible on the horizon.

In a public statement, President Eisenhower noted March 15 "as a traditional Hungarian national holiday commemorating the Hungarian people's struggle of 1848-49 against foreign domination [symbolizing] their enduring aspirations for freedom and national independence." But what marks the date as significant for American policy is that the President added:

> Today, as in the time of Louis Kossuth, the American people deeply sympathize with the just demands of the Hungarian people for freedom and independence.
>
> We can do no less than express our confident hope and our profound belief that the processes of enlightenment and justice among men and nations will triumph in the end in Hungary and in all other oppressed nations.

The word "liberation," as applied by Mr. Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles to the American goal for peoples enslaved by Communist power, went through several definitions and re-definitions, depending upon what may be called the varying temper of the authors' intentions. But even in their coolest, most rational, most self-controlled moments, the President and his Secretary of State heretofore seemed to have in mind something more forceful and positive than "deep sympathy" and "confident hope" as a means of fostering independence in the satellites. So the point can be fairly made that they have carried

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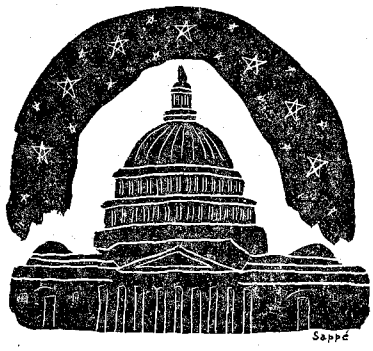
through an impressive exercise in climbing-down.

There is, however, another, perhaps more important, point to make. The residue of liberation policy existing today calls for the creation by quite conventional means of circumstances favorable to an "evolution" toward independence in the satellites. It is a good enough policy. It may, indeed, be the best policy available today in the category of the workable. *But the fact is that it isn't working.*

The factors which are causing it to fail are principally domestic political pressures, and clumsiness—and worse—in the bureaucracy. One can summarize by three examples. At this moment, Tito sits in Belgrade, ostracized by the United States as well as by his fellow Communists of Eastern Europe. The Hungarian rebels are acknowledged here to be inaccessible to American help. And a Polish economic delegation in Washington wonders why this government is finding so many obstacles to a promise of aid given so promptly and forcefully by the President himself last fall.

Thus the Eisenhower-Dulles liberation policy, no matter how interpreted, has come to lose almost all practical meaning for its prospective beneficiaries. And in the meantime, energetic damage-control work by the Soviet Union is making a functioning system once more of an empire that we told ourselves was falling apart at the close of 1956.

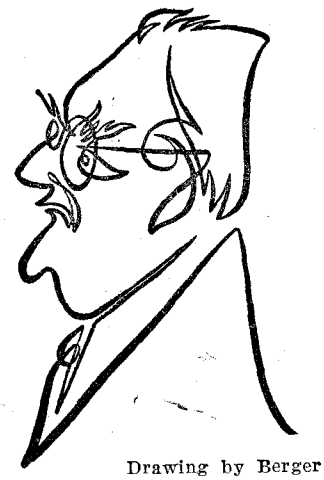
AS WITH so many other aspects of foreign policy in this Administration, it is difficult to know just where Mr. Dulles ends and Mr. Eisenhower begins. In the case of "liberation," it can be established that Mr. Dulles talked about it first. He himself has referred back to its origin as occurring in his book, *War and Peace* (1950). But it is also true that its fieriest exposition was made by Mr. Eisenhower in the 1952 campaign. He adopted the slogan in full knowledge that the position was being challenged. He must be presumed to have known the ground he was choosing.



March 30, 1957

At their strongest, the words in which the policy was stated at various times have never been quite as pugnacious as the opposition has charged. But inevitably there is a sort of legislative history in such things which it is permissible to take into account. Ordinarily, the Republican platform of 1952 and Mr. Eisenhower's American Legion speech of August 25, 1952, are taken as the official statement of the "liberation" policy. Washington knew for some time before then, however, that Mr. Dulles, who was to have a large part in drafting the relevant plank of the party platform and in guiding the foreign-policy content of the campaign, was already talking a good fight in behalf of the captives of Eastern Europe. In private conversation and public speeches, he was talking of "giving the Soviet Union some homework to do" in order to keep it too busy for external adventures. "If the free world intelligently dedicated itself," he said at Des Moines in February, 1952, "to a political offensive against the misery, terrorism and hopelessness of the now captive peoples, if we kept alive their love of country, their love of family and their sense of personal dignity, then the despotic rulers of these 800 million people would have plenty of trouble at home." He reiterated the proposition that "the dynamic usually prevails over the static, the active over the passive." He spoke of "activating" the "stresses latent in the Communist structure."

Against this background, it was a wholly defensible conclusion that Mr. Dulles meant to give the Soviet power in the satellites a hard time by other than polite diplomatic means. He considered the Democrats to be committed to "liberation" by the Atlantic Charter, and



Drawing by Berger

Secretary Dulles

was plainly aware that "liberation" was, so to speak, an active noun. In most instances he was careful to speak of "peaceful" methods, but it could certainly be inferred that this represented discretion rather than a softening of his true intent.

Then there was what may be called *the* liberation speech of Mr. Eisenhower before the American Legion. Again the word "peaceful" occurred —strikingly at odds with its context. The President promised never to recognize the permanence of the Soviet position in Europe, never to rest content until the Soviet power had receded to its own borders, never to desist in aid to every man and woman "who keeps burning among his own people the flame of freedom, who is dedicated to the liberation of his fellows."

HIS LANGUAGE brought the cry "Warmongering!" from the opposition, led by Adlai Stevenson. It jolted the man on the peace platform. Less than a fortnight later, on September 4, in a speech in Philadelphia, sprigs of olive began sprouting on the terrible swift sword. The program now was "to aid by every *peaceful* means, but only by *peaceful* means, the right to live in freedom. There is . . . need to bring hope and every *peaceful* aid to the world's enslaved peoples. We shall never be truculent —but we shall never appease." (Emphasis added.)

That was going to be a nice trick if it could be performed. As it turned out, it couldn't. The debilitation of

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the policy began right then and there.

But the Republican campaigners had correctly diagnosed an uneasiness in the national conscience about the satellites, and their prescription was a semblance of intent to act. On September 22, in Senator Taft's home town, Mr. Eisenhower made a speech worth looking at carefully. American principles, he said,

> demand that we use every political, every economic, every psychological tactic to see that the liberating spirit, in the nations conquered by communism, shall never perish. We dare not let hope die. Thus, we shall help each captive nation to maintain an outward strain against the Moscow bond. The lands closed in behind the Iron Curtain will seethe with discontent: their peoples, not servants docile under a Soviet master, but ardent patriots yearning to be free again. Nothing is so damaging to a tyrant's war machine as the steadfast spirit of an unhappy people. Can it be true that an Administration spending billions for the economic and military revival of Western Europe thinks it can succeed in the long run without opening opportunities in Eastern Europe?

It takes a close look to see it, but here there has been a subtle change. The liberating spirit (and the risks and responsibilities inherent in it) has had a transfer-out from its Republican host and has been posted to duty in hearts behind the Iron Curtain.

THIS change of temper rapidly became even more evident when Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles took office, and for several reasons. The sound of the liberation trumpets was heard in the President's State of the Union speech, but it was only sound. In semblance of action, a "liberation resolution" was sponsored. The Democrats correctly saw that its effect would be not to free captive peoples, but to stress once more the alleged crimes of Yalta. The new Administration, with all the vigor of newly-assumed authority, had no heart for a fight. The quiet but influential voice of George Kennan, who knew what Mr. Dulles had in mind, was heard in criticism: There was no end to what interference might bring on, and any major and drastic interference in East European affairs was incompatible with diplomatic relations. The objective of harassing the Soviet Union with disorder and bloodshed might be attained, but not the end reward of freedom.

Disciplined by its new responsibility, the Administration began to get the idea. The liberation resolution was abandoned. A formal White House study seeking the best techniques of psychological strategy decided, in effect, that there was no such animal.

STALIN DIED on March 5, 1953. In mid-April, Mr. Dulles made a speech which caused one listener to remark, "Never have I heard a man take so much credit for a cerebral hemorrhage." On June 16, the workers' riots began in East Germany. This gave Mr. Dulles an opportunity to update his liberation policy. On June 30, he said:

> In my book *War or Peace,* written over three years ago, I said "the Communist structure, over-extended, over-rigid and ill-founded, could be shaken if the difficulties that were latent were activated." I went on to point out that this does not mean an armed revolt which would precipitate a massacre, but that short of this the people could demonstrate an independence such that the Soviet Communist leaders would come to recognize the futility of trying to hold captive so many peoples who by their faith and their patriotism can never really be consolidated into the Soviet Communist world.
>
> The developments of recent weeks show the correctness of that diagnosis.

The East Germans had not died in vain. But who was doing the "activating"? Not Mr. Dulles. On September 17, 1953, he made a speech before the U.N. General Assembly which reflected an apparent decision that the way to activate latent stresses in the Communist world was to exclaim, "Who, us?"

> . . . Our creed, [said Mr. Dulles] does not call for exporting revolution or exciting others to violence. Let me make that emphatic. We believe that violent change usually destroys what it would gain. We put our hopes in the vast possibilities of peaceful change. Our hope is that the Soviet leaders, before it is too late, will recognize that love of God, love of country and the sense of human dignity always survive.

With the end of that speech there begins an almost unbroken gap in the literature of liberation which reaches to this side of the uprisings in Poland and Hungary.

The nobody-here-but-us-rooters theme was repeated by Mr. Dulles in Dallas on October 27, 1956:

> Let me make this clear, beyond a possibility of doubt: The United States has no ulterior purpose in desiring the independence of the satellite countries. Our unadulterated wish is that these peoples, from whom so much of our national life derives, should have sovereignty restored to them and that they should have governments of their own free choosing. We do not look upon these nations as potential military allies. We see them as friends and as part of a new and friendly and no longer divided Europe. We are confident that their independence, if promptly accorded, will contribute immensely to stabilize peace throughout all of Europe, West and East.

But along with that assurance to the Soviet Union there was, now, something more solid and positive for the satellite peoples, rebellious or only restive:

> They must know that they can draw upon our abundance to tide themselves over the period of economic adjustment which is inevitable as they rededicate their productive efforts to the service of their own people, rather than of exploiting masters. [That passage, it will be seen, assumes independence as achieved.] Nor do we condition economic ties between us upon the adoption of any particular form of society.

This was restated by Mr. Eisenhower on October 31, during that split second of history when it seemed possible that the Soviet Union, reading the events in Poland and Hungary, might at last have become willing to retract its power from the satellites. "The United States," said the President, "has made clear its readiness to assist economically the new and independent governments

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of these countries. We have already —some days since—been in contact with the new Government of Poland on this matter . . ."

That is about where liberation has come out, as a policy idea. However shrunken it may be, it is head and shoulders over the record of action and achievement.

IN SUMMARY, the desire and purpose of this government at present are to take advantage of instability in the satellites to induce in them a Westward orientation. The methods would be largely economic, supplemented by political and, if you like, psychological. The hope, whatever Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eisenhower may say publicly, is to open channels for American ideas which would lead, one day, to economic, political and even military alliance with the West. The establishment of such relationships would by their very nature mean that independence from Moscow had been attained. The rate of progress would be deliberately gradual. It is recognized that the Kremlin is undergoing, partly from necessity, a readjustment of its relationship with its satellites. There is a conscious determination in Washington to avoid any change so swift and drastic in satellite attitudes that Moscow would be provoked to violent measures. We want the trusties to escape, but acknowledge that they must first become trusties to have half a chance.

Frankly, we are acting partly out of fear of World War III, should we or the satellites miscue. We have gone to great lengths, for example, to prove that we did not, by radio propaganda or otherwise, "incite" the violent events in Poland and Hungary.

In seeking to give effect to its policy, the government was faced by one big problem and two opportunities. The problem was Hungary. The opportunity lay in Yugoslavia and Poland.

The rationalization of the failure to do anything for Hungary, beyond U.N. resolutions and humanitarian acts, is that anything in the nature of reinforcement of the rebels would have brought about their massacre, and perhaps world war. One is told that not one of the countless possibilities studied by the government was free of these drawbacks. It is a vitally important but little-known truth, however, that the government simply lacked the capacity to deal with two major crises, the Middle East and Hungary, at the same time. It was a simple matter of human limitations. Perhaps no real solution could have been found even had the manpower and the brainpower and the nervepower been available. They weren't, and nagging thoughts of what might-have-been will long persist. There were plentiful signs that the American public was prepared to support drastic measures.

A real try was made to bring Marshal Tito here as a demonstration to the satellite world that sturdy self-reliance is profitable. In mid-campaign, the Administration had courageously taken what it had to consider was a grave political risk in deciding, through the President, that it was in the national interest to continue assistance to Yugoslavia. Encouraged by the acceptance of this move, the government went ahead with plans to make Tito a showpiece visitor. Then there was a real uproar. To be sure, it was Tito's own decision that he had better not come. A permissible question exists, however, whether more firmness and leadership in the White House might not have salvaged the plans. At any rate, the important project went down the drain.

That left Poland, and what happened to this opportunity is the saddest story of all. There was, in the beginning, a firm policy, soundly arrived at and promptly announced, to give the Poles economic assistance.

The energy which had not been applied to the Hungarian problem was applied with spectacular success in working up that policy. Then, for four months, the bureaucracy busied itself in finding objections and building roadblocks. Most of the details are still buried in secret papers. The policy got stuck badly in a personal feud between two high officers. Career officers drew back from the supposed political risks of identifying themselves with aid to a Communist regime not certified to be free of Moscow domination. The policy's appointed counsel were more interested in finding what could not be done than what could be done. Everybody could find legal objections, and no one could find the needed funds.

THE DETAILS would be dull and dreary, anyway. They are not needed to document the plain fact that when the Poles arrived here, this government actually and literally was not ready for them, and despite the authority of the President behind the aid program, really had no positive drive to help them. The end results of the negotiations remain to be seen, but there is no questioning the fact of inexcusable and unnecessary delay and something close to bureaucratic sabotage of Presidential policy. The stakes, real and potential, included the fate of the Polish Gomulka government. But more important, in this context, they included the fate of the policy of peaceful fostering of satellite independence.

So, where do we stand?

A short-lived hope that the Soviet Union might be willing to neutralize the satellites has been replaced by a firm conclusion in this government that Moscow does not regard the satellite regimes as negotiable. Any increase in the freedom of action granted them, it is believed, will be within the definite limits of their maintenance of Communist regimes and adherence to the Warsaw Pact.

This government rejects forceful assistance, and flunks on peaceful assistance. What's left is that we "deeply sympathize" and vigorously assert our hope and belief that justice will one day triumph.

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THE LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

GUN FEVER in LATIN AMERICA . . by Claudio Veliz

This is the fourth article of a series appraising America's "arms diplomacy" in various regions.

Santiago de Chile

SOME months ago Latin America was tremendously amused when Brazil purchased an old British aircraft carrier at the bargain price of $47,600,000. Today the purchase, which at the time seemed to be only a pay-off to the Brazilian navy for political services rendered to the Kubitschek government, is being reinterpreted as marking the beginning of a new stage in the life of this continent. For the first time in history, Latin America is becoming directly involved in a situation which at worst will bring war — atomic war — to its territory, and at best will result in the acquisition of large masses of complicated and useless war material from the United States.

The new situation has been developing rapidly. Last November, critics of the Brazilian purchase were warning that it would precipitate an armaments race in Latin America. It did. Now Argentina wants an aircraft carrier and so does Chile, and Peru has just increased her navy budget by 90 per cent with the obvious intention of buying one, too. But the beginning of an armaments race is not the whole story. Of greater moment is the fact that the continent is confronted with a broader issue: whether to abandon the present position of "sympathetic neutralism" (sympathetic to the United States) in favor of participating in the creation of a South Atlantic NATO.

Argentina was the first nation to propose this idea, inviting Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil to attend a preliminary conference to study the possibilities. At first Brazil was opposed, arguing that a South Atlantic Defense Organization (SADO) would be superfluous in view of the existence of the Organization of American States, the Caracas Pact and the United Nations. Furthermore, Brazil's traditional international policy has been against regional alignments in Latin America which excluded the United States. Argentina promptly answered that the United States would by no means be excluded; indeed, the new organization would be open to every member of the OAS. Whereupon Brazil pointed out that if anybody could join who was already a member of the OAS, why a duplicate organization?

The situation was still unresolved last December, when the United States was busily trying to get Brazil to allow an American guided-missile tracking base to be built on the island of Fernando de Noronha, about 200 miles east of Natal. Brazilian nationalist sentiment was strongly opposed to the base and President Kubitschek was having a difficult time making up his mind. It took a wayward American guided missile, launched from Patrick Air Base in Florida, to solve the problem. The lost missile, it will be remembered, fell somewhere in the vast Brazilian jungle. The Brazilian right-wing press thereupon argued that unless a tracking base were installed, such "accidents" might happen again and perhaps cost lives.

Drawing by Berger

President Kubitschek

The government then publicized the following set of conditions designed to satisfy nationalist demands and at the same time prepare the public for establishment of the guided-missile base:

1. Only the Brazilian flag would be used on the island.
2. Military control would rest permanently in Brazilian hands; the only Americans allowed on the island would be civilian technicians.
3. The base would be built by Brazilians and Americans cooperatively.
4. The base would be granted for five years, at the end of which period Brazilian technicians would replace the Americans.

Early in January it was announced that the United States had suggested that it would be "convenient" if Brazil would cooperate with Argentina in the formation of SADO. A few days later, Brazil granted Washington the guided-missile base on Fernando de Noronha. The agreement provides for the establishment of certain "complementary" military establishments. At the moment, U. S.-Brazilian talks are now under way regarding an American radio transmission center and three navigation-aid stations to be erected on Brazil's northeast coast.

The jig-saw puzzle can be put together in different ways. According to the supporters of SADO — the center- and right-wing parties in Argentina and the extreme Right in Brazil — its creation would help

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restore international confidence in the internal stability of the member countries. This in turn would create a great flow of foreign capital, in the form of investments and loans, into mining, industry and the construction of public works such as roads, port installations, airports etc.

Also, SADO's supporters argued, the Suez crisis indicates the possibility of future closures of the canal. If this were to happen again, a great increase in shipping along the South Atlantic coasts would result, entailing in wartime an increased risk from submarines. Against such a contingency, it was held, establishment of SADO is a necessary and appropriate step.

The opponents of the scheme — the Radical, Socialist, Democratic-Nationalist and other extreme left- and right-wing parties in Argentina, as well as the Labor coalition in Brazil — argued that SADO would embroil Latin America in the cold-war military maneuvering and would end the "neutralist" hopes of the Latin American left-wing. More important, they said, SADO would enable the United States to gain control over the strategic industries and the raw-material production — especially oil, iron ore, manganese, uranium, etc. — of Brazil and Argentina. This point is buttressed by the following suppositions:

1. SADO is formed and is soon found to be a weak and inefficient organization.

2. The aid of the United States in technicians and materiel is requested in order to strengthen SADO's Latin American members. America grants the aid, but at a price which must be paid in strategic raw materials.

3. The efficiency of the extractive industries which produce the materials is found to be below average. Thereupon these "strategic" industries, necessary for continental defense, would come under the direct or indirect control of SADO and the United States. This would mean — according to SADO's critics — that all Argentina's and Brazil's efforts to keep national control over their important mineral resources would prove unavailing.

Additionally, SADO's opponents argue that their important mineral resources would become integrated into a military organization which, in case of war, would offer a large number of first-rate targets to atomic bombardment.

But SADO's supporters insist that the conditions laid down by Brazil in granting the missile-tracking base at Fernando de Noronha are the best evidence that SADO members need not fear loss of territorial sovereignty in any way. All new agreements, they argue, will probably be patterned after the one for the island base. To this, the opponents say that the apparently severe Fernando de Noronha conditions will prove meaningless in the long run. A prominent Argentine Radical Party leader commented to me the other day: "Can you imagine a government such as the present Bolivian regime coming to power and nationalizing the mines, abolishing the army and implementing a fairly drastic agrarian reform in a nation studded with United States military bases? I can't." And even after the five-year period is over, the anti-SADO spokesmen point out, it would be impossible for the host nation to "take over" the bases and run them independently, for by that time each base would have become part of a great organization, impossible of functioning in isolation. Needless to say, the great organization—SADO —would be directly or indirectly controlled by the United States.

UNDERSTANDABLY enough, least vociferous in the opposition to the SADO project have been the Communists. Presumably, they fear to "taint" the opposition by becoming too conspicuous in it.

The formation of SADO and the more general problem of the integration of Latin America into the cold-war strategy will be vital issues in the forthcoming Argentine presidential election. It must be remembered that one of the important factors behind the overthrow of Peron was his agreement with the California Standard Oil Company for the exploitation of Argentine oil. Today no party in Argentina dares to support openly any form of foreign intervention in the national economy, and the Radical Party of Dr. Arturo Frondizi has the most outspoken "anti-imperialist" platform of all.

If free elections take place in Argentina this year, it is almost certain that Frondizi will win. This fact has led the present *de facto* regime of General Aramburu to press all the harder for the immediate establishment of CADO. In fact, despite widespread public distaste for the project in both Argentina and Brazil, nobody would be very surprised if it becomes reality in the near future. In Brazil, Kubitschek's popularity will help him to overcome part of the opposition, and the conviction that Brazil—now that she has an airplane carrier—would dominate the organization could dispose of the rest. Kubitschek is still in the midst of a serious economic crisis and he knows that only dollars will get him out of it. In such a predicament, he is not likely to oppose a scheme which is considered "vital to the interests of the West."

There is already talk of U. S. economic and military concessions to be granted Brazil in return for her cooperation on the guided-missile project. Brazil is seeking jet planes for her carrier and needs help in repairing highways and airfields, both of which have military significance.

Brazil Buys Subs

The worst fears of those who attacked Brazil's recent acquisition of a British aircraft carrier were confirmed when the Brazilian Admiralty recently announced the purchase of two modern United States submarines. The immediate outcome of this announcement has been the stepping up of pressure within the Argentine and Chilean governments to make similar purchases in order to "keep up with the Brazilian potential." Unofficial reports say that Argentina will probably augment the number of submarines and navy aircraft.

Newsletter of the South American News Distribution Association, February 1, 1957.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Violence of Virtue

THE FALL. By Albert Camus. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Harvey Goldberg

CAMUS once said of his times: "I grew up to the drumbeat of the First World War, and since then our history has been murder, injustice and violence." From the depths of such self-evident nihilism, he sent forth in novels and essays the most damaging charges—against progress, purpose, revolution; he denied God and castigated history. But he yielded neither to suicide nor to absolute despair; for Camus is the man of the Resistance, founder of *Combat,* the author (not too many years ago) of this moving hope:

> I, for one, have never ceased to struggle against this degradation, and I hate only the cruel. . . . Not out of virtue, or because I am blessed with rare loftiness of spirit, but because of an instinctive fidelity to the light which shines at our birth, and which, for thousands of years, has taught men to hail life, even in suffering.

But that hope has never been easy for Camus; and now the affirmation of *The Plague* (remember Rieux's summation: "There are in men more things to be admired than things to be scorned.") has been modified by the shattering dissection of human motivation in *The Fall.*

This brief novel, so spare and lucid (like the best of Gide), burning with wit (like pages from Voltaire), is a protracted monologue on the human condition. A man in an Amsterdam bar confesses his past to a silent interlocutor. He calls himself Jean-Baptiste Clamence, once from Paris, that "magnificent stage setting inhabited by four million silhouettes." He had been a lawyer of renown, specializing in noble causes and serving virtue with apparent constancy. "You would have thought that justice slept with me every night."

What, then, could have disturbed a man so pure? He had come, he says, to recognize an inner perversity —that his virtues were often what La Rochefoucauld called "vices disguised." Through "purity" Clamence had escaped judgment upon himself, for there were none who would believe ill of this servant of justice. He suffered periodic pangs of doubt, but real self-analysis crowded in upon him only after a strange experience while walking one night "up the quays of the Left Bank toward the Pont des Arts. . . . I felt rising within me a vast feeling of power and completion. I straightened up and was about to light a cigarette, the cigarette of satisfaction, when, at that very moment, a laugh burst out behind me."

It carried him back, Clamence reveals, to a central symbolic episode, the final shock of recognition. On a November night, "two or three years before the evening when I thought I heard laughter behind me, I was returning to the Left Bank and my home by way of the Pont Royal.—On the bridge I passed behind a figure leaning over the railing and seeming to stare at the river." It was a young woman; Clamence hesitated, passed by. Then there was a splash, several screams, silence. "I told myself that I had to be quick and I felt an irresistible weakness steal over me. . . . Then slowly under the rain, I went away. I informed no one." The event was without witness; purity of deed would have had to be its own reward. "Then I realized, as a result of delivery in my memory, that modesty helped me to shine, humility to conquer, and virtue to oppress."

Riveted in a moral dead end, Clamence sought escape. Death? No, "lets not beat around the bush; I love life. . . . The question is to slip through and, above all, . . . to elude judgment." And life—callous, debauched, blindly selfish—can be lived, explains Clamence, because there are no infallible judges. For the fall, the ripping away of the mask, applies to all; and if none are devoid of guilt, none can judge. So now he holds court at the "Mexico City" on Amsterdam's waterfront, confessing to others and involving others, since "the portrait I hold out to my contemporaries becomes a mirror." Original sin is universal, and it is everlasting. In traditional Christianity, the sinner received the monumental second chance. But not so in the universe of Clamence. "It's too late now. It will always be too late. Fortunately."

CAMUS once warned his readers against identifying his views with the *Weltanschauung* of his heroes. "Simply stated, it is frivolous to attribute to me the notion that nothing has meaning." As writer, he has tried to be the objective observer, crystallizing in men and events the terms of the human dilemma; but as *l'homme engagé* he has been the impassioned partisan, searching out the terms of human action. At the very start, in *Noces,* he made the motto which might still stand: "If it is true that every truth carries its own bitterness, it is also true that every negation contains a germ of affirmation."

Faced with Nazi evil, Camus forged his central principle of revolt, the pure, unsullied act of refusal before injustice and brutality; and he summed it up clearly in *Combat* (September 19, 1944): "What supported the Resistance for four years was revolt; that is, the complete, obstinate, almost blind rejection of an order which sought to force men to their knees." Thus, when Camus did finally identify himself with one of his characters, it was (as he revealed in an interview in *Le Monde*) with Rieux in *The Plague,* that doctor who came to accept with quiet dignity the collective struggle against pestilence, physical or social.

HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department of Ohio State University, is completing a biography of Jaurès. American Radicals, *edited by Mr. Goldberg, is just published.*

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But there was a hard core of puritanism in his concept of revolt. Camus became increasingly concerned with the falsity, pretense, even tyranny that masquerade as noble purpose. In *Terre des Hommes* (January 26, 1946) he was already warning of those philosophies and movements in which "man is made for history and not history for man." And in the *Rebel* he applied his standard of pure revolt to the range of modern history. It became less a treatise on historical events than a sustained cry of anguish and hope—anguish over the slavery of those rebellious "with no other limits but historical expediency"—and hope for "the commune against the state, concrete society against absolutist society, deliberate freedom against rational tyranny, finally altruistic individualism against the colonization of the masses."

It broke like thunder from a new Port Royal. Sartre called it "virtuous violence," and it led to the break between these comrades of the Resistance. Camus accused his former friends of corruption by Marxism, acceptance of Stalinist terrorism, and betrayal of rebellion in leaving man "to the mercies of any political party operating by the rules of expediency." Now, in *The Fall,* he has written the latest chapter in this *crise de conscience.* Camus is not Clamence; he is still the man of rebellion. Clamence is rather the corrupter of the ideal, Everyman as hypocrite. Camus has forced man to the mirror. Good! For so long as he writes, there will be no rest.

IN a striking passage in *The Mandarins* Lambert exhorts Henri, the Camus-like character, to act as moralist: "No frankly, when you begin asking yourself questions, nothing stands up. There are a lot of values you're supposed to take as fundamental facts. In the name of what?—First of all, we need a set of principles, an approach to life.—That's what you ought to give us; it would be a damned sight more worthwhile than helping Dubreilh write manifestoes." To which Henri replies, ironically enough: "Formulating a set of principles, an approach to life doesn't exactly enter into my plans."

But it is precisely as moralist that Camus now approaches the human condition, revealing explicitly the nature of man while approaching implicitly the basis for moral action. The move is unassailable, since nothing is more imperative for the incorruptible revolutionary than to step aside from battle to survey the terms of action. Like Niebuhr, the devout Christian (whose description of corrupted secular causes is remarkably akin to the analysis of Clamence), Camus, the unbeliever, has refused to proceed before exposing those self-deceptions upon which only the most futile history can be built. In so doing, he has rescued the *clerc* from treason and restored him, in the definition of Benda, to his valid place.

Yet two questions impose themselves with disturbing insistence, one about the sources of morality and the other about the limits of history. Pascal too despaired of man's nature ("What a monster, what a chaos, what a contradiction!"). But for him God provided both the standard of perfection and the means of salvation. Are there, however, infallible standards for the unbeliever? Can he speak of a Fall, which presupposes an original innocence? The problem must weigh heavily upon Camus, as he utters through Clamence this cry of pain: "Ah, *mon cher,* for anyone who is alone, without God and without a master, the weight of days is dreadful." Far from vulgar pragmatism, however, Camus assumes the permanence of right and wrong. Goodness and justice go essentially undefined, but they exist as constants behind the shifting course of history, the categorical imperatives of Camus.

In setting out the ideals of human behavior, however, the moralist may lose that tolerance of historical real-

Flood Valley

(Near Decatur, Alabama)

Fields where we slept
Lie underwater now
Clay meadows of nightmare
Beneath the shallow wave.

A tremor of speech
On all lips and all mirrors;
Pink sweater and tornado
Act out the spiral dawn.

South lies evocative
On one fine Negro mouth.
Play of silver in streams
Half lake under.

High on the unplowed red
And waterweeds respond,
Where Sheriff Fever
Ordered me to trial.

Where once hatred and fear
Touched me the branch of death,
I may float waves of making
Hung above my lost field.

Remember they say and Incarnatus Est,
The fire-tailed waves, never forget the eyes
Of the distorted jailers or their kindness
Even while they were torturing Mr. Crystal.

Psalms awake and asleep, remember the man-made
Lake where those barren treecrowns rode.
Where air of curses hung, keel of my calm
Rides our created tide.

(The time of this poem is the span from the second Scottsboro trial to the water-system of the TVA.)

MURIEL RUKEYSER

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ity which Montaigne urged upon man. He then finds every good tainted by evil. Jaurès once said to Péguy: "You have one serious fault: you get your own idea about people and then expect them to live up to it." So it was that the Socialist who gave a lifetime to the human cause stood finally accused by the Catholic poet for "setting out on the marshlands of politics, the swamps and brackish flats." Camus too has found that men coming to grips with history are often immoral, compromised by expediency. This outlook, bordering on the intransigent, is likely to serve as justification for the faint-in-heart and the strong-in-cynicism. To go to history with morality is essential; to expect them to be the same is to invite despair. In the Resistance Camus confronted history with his comrades and emerged with affirmation. It was not a movement of absolute purity either in action or motive, but it faced a common enemy and made a collective protest. He remains passionately committed to the revolt against slavery; and some three years ago Domenach insisted thus upon his continued search for valid collective action: "I say simply that if in France there existed a non-Stalinist revolutionary party which could offer the working class an alternative to absorption by Stalinism, Sartre and Camus would both be in it." A magnificent hope; the historic process cries out for the understanding of a Camus!

American Communism Before Stalin

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By Theodore Draper. The Viking Press. $6.75.

Irving Howe

THIS BOOK, which provides an extremely detailed chronicle of the origins and first few years of the American Communist Party, is the opening volume of a projected two-part history, and also the first of twelve specialized studies in American Communism being financed by the Fund for the Republic. Before getting to the book itself, two preliminaries:

First, it seems fair to say that I am myself working on a study somewhat similar in subject-matter to Mr. Draper's and that the reader ought to bear this fact in mind when he reaches my critical remarks.

Second, a word ought to be said in support of Mr. Draper against the sly attack which he and the Fund were recently subjected to by Will Lissner in the New York *Times*. Mr. Lissner announced the remarkable discoveries that the Fund, in supporting Mr. Draper, had reversed a previous decision not to use ex-Communists on its Communism project, and that Mr. Draper was advancing—the temerity of it!—a "controversial" theory about the origins of the American party which conflicts with one provided by the theoreticians of the U. S. Air Force. This is pretty strong stuff for the *Times*, and it is also not very bright: for we simply cannot ask people to stop being Communists if we keep punishing them long after they have stopped. Besides, Mr. Draper happens to have written a rather conservative book.

He has conceived of his project on a large scale and has worked on the sensible assumption that, no matter how many other studies may follow on American communism, his two volumes are likely to provide an authoritative record of facts. He has researched his material with care and thoroughness. He does not seem troubled by the fact that most readers will find his reports of Communist factional struggles somewhat tedious, perhaps because he is addressing himself more to the specialist than to the general reader.

Regarded as a chronicle and a source book, *The Roots of American Communism* is admirable. Mr. Draper writes simply and clearly, without yielding very often to that lamentable impulse to "jazz up" his material which has recently become fashionable among some American historians. He is particularly good at relating the history of the American party to the intrigues of the international Communist movement: there are some lively pages, for example, on the activities of Borodin and Trotsky in the United States (though, in accord with his impulse systematically to understress the domestic sources of the American Communist party, he almost surely exaggerates Trotsky's role in helping to form the Socialist Left-Wing from which the CP arose.) And there are also vivid portraits of such half-forgotten figures as Louis Fraina and Louis Boudin, men who helped establish communism as a distinct form of politics in this country. Toward the individual figures at the head of the party Mr. Draper can be objective and discriminating. In short, he knows his way around the obscurities of old radicalism and is gifted at organizing a narrative about them.

IT IS when one thinks of the more imaginative and analytical demands of historiography that Mr. Draper's book proves somewhat disappointing. There is a curiously abstracted and uninvolved air to this book, as if he were devoted to hunting down every fact about his subject but did not really feel very strongly about the subject itself. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has pointed out, in a review of the book, that Mr. Draper writes without the bitterness found among so many ex-Communists; and this is both true and a virtue to be praised. But he also writes without the intensity, the feeling of history as living pain, that makes the work of some ex-Communists so relevant to our time. My impression is that Mr. Draper is fundamentally estranged from his topic, and hence can write so well-bred a book about so unruly an experience, a book in which there is exhibited very little anger or passion or strong feeling of any kind.

Another way of saying this is that Mr. Draper does not really seem to be working from any coherent—I do not mean, explicit—point of view. He is acceptably, conventionally anti-Communist; he is liberal in the conservative style of the fifties; but he does not really credit the reality of his subject. Yet anyone who is going to try to bring to life the responses and moods of the early American Communists, anyone who writes with an intention of suggesting more than mockery, has to be able to credit, if only provisionally and if only for the purposes of composition, the sense of revolutionary expectation and exhilaration which swept American radicals in the years directly after the Bolshevik revolution. He also has to be able to give a tentative credit to the significance of the doctrinal disputes—as, for example, Franz Borkenau could in his first history of the Comintern, but as Mr. Draper seldom can. In its tones and assumptions, Mr. Draper's book reflects more of our age of moderation than of the age of excess about which he writes. But whatever the virtues of modera-

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tion may be, they make it difficult for a writer to bring to imaginative life the past of revolutionary movements.

Throughout his book Mr. Draper hews very closely to the institutional history of the American party, charting with genuine skill each turn and twist of doctrine, each flare of factional dispute. Now these disputes were often absurd enough, but it seems to me an oversimplification to see the entirety of early American Communist history as a reflex of the Bolshevik Revolution. In their curious, distorted way the early American Communists were reacting to events in this country as well—not intelligently or realistically, to be sure, but reacting nonetheless. And Mr. Draper tends to make his narrative into too self-contained a sequence of events, showing almost nothing of the American social context in which the party was formed. One does not gain from his book an appreciation of the social excitements and struggles characteristic of the years immediately after the First World War; and without this the story of early American communism tends to become too insulated and parochial.

Mr. Draper is committed, finally, to the view that "in its infancy [the American party] was transformed from a new expression of American radicalism to the American appendage of a Russian revolutionary power. Nothing else so important ever happened to it again." The first of these sentences is true, though it requires more qualification than Mr. Draper allows. The second sentence is totally false, and characteristic of Mr. Draper's inclination toward analytic oversimplification: for the most important thing ever to happen to the Communist Party was its "Stalinization," its transformation from a sickly revolutionary sect into a significant totalitarian movement.

These criticisms notwithstanding, I would say that any reader with a particular interest in this subject will find in Mr. Draper's book a thorough, skillful and orderly marshalling of the facts. As such, his book is a valuable contribution.

THEATRE and FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE RENATA THEATRE on Bleecker Street, newest of the off-Broadway houses, has begun its career with a handsome staging of Joyce's *Exiles*. John Boyt has designed the best-looking production I have seen downtown. His two sets and his costumes have a coherent style and an unobtrusive wit. There is no suggestion here of warehouse hand-me-downs—on the contrary, Mr. Boyt manages to imply a lavish budget which I don't for a moment suppose he enjoyed.

Against this look of success Walt Witcover has mounted a vivid interpretation of Joyce's play. You can scarcely fail to be caught up in it or to withstand the very considerable charm of its powerful egos. It is played with assurance and a warm individuality by a handsome and competent cast.

But it must be said that, for all its strength and color, *Exiles* is a curiously evasive play. It suffers from the fact that the characters are all so preoccupied with stating ultimate truths about themselves that they have little time to heed one another. Communication flags and they are indeed all exiles. Joyce wrote the play at a time when he greatly admired Ibsen, and it comes perilously close to being a parody of Ibsen. Everyone is both attracted and repelled by everyone else and everyone is motivated by the noblest and/or basest impulses. Four egomaniacs on one stage is surely a parody of something. I rather sided with the wife (Jutta Wolf) for the old fashioned reason that she was a damn' fine looking woman and I didn't care at all for her husband's fishy smile. As a matter of fact, a director of *Exiles* has to make up his mind whether we are for or against this husband. Mark Lenard played him with equal measure of pale suffering and fishiness, and this contributed to the atmosphere of limbo.

THE double bill now playing at two movie houses in New York (Fine Arts and Victoria) is unusual in the fact that the short is the real feature. *The Red Balloon,* directed and produced by Albert Lamorisse in Paris, runs for only thirty-four minutes; I suspect, however, that it will run forever. It is not only a perfect fairy tale, but one told in the most elegantly simple movie terms. It has one main character (Lamorisse's small son), no dialogue beyond a few scattered words (if there were subtitles, I don't remember them), and the streets of Paris as a beautifully grey and unobtrusive set. The idea is original, charming and hilarious—the boy, who seems a lonely boy, has a balloon for a playmate. It is a balloon like Mary's lamb—it follows him through streets and markets, sneaks into school after him, torments his adult oppressors, plays with him games of tag and hide and seek. Once it strays off after a beautiful blue balloon owned by a little girl, but except for that lapse it is a merry and faithful friend (This involves superb trick photography and I pray no one tells us how it is done).

Like all great fairy tales, there is a hint of something dark about *The Red Balloon.* Toward the end, some bigger boys hurt the balloon and it slowly falls to the ground and collapses. Then from all the neighborhoods of Paris balloons break away from their rightful owners and sweep down to the disconsolate child. In no time he is surrounded and gaily buffeted by balloons of every size and color. He laughs with joy, takes all their strings into his hands—and they carry him off into the depths of the sky. It is dangerous to dream too well.

THE OTHER picture on the bill, *The Lost Continent,* is a travelogue of great excellence—but still a travelogue. Its terrain is Indonesia and that is the

CORRECTION

The heading which was added to B. H. Haggin's review of *Olin Downes on Music* incorrectly listed Howard Taubman as editor. The volume was edited by Irene Downes.

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trouble. An hour and a quarter is not enough time to investigate more than the usual tourist curiosities in so large an area. *The Lost Continent* shows marriage ceremonies, Buddhist temple rites, a wonderfully merry funeral, an elephant round-up, some shuddery ex-headhunters and, yes indeed, a bevy of dusky maidens with bare bosoms. Fine photography made, I'm sure, under the most difficult conditions by an Italian team headed by Leonardo Bonzi. If it had attempted less it might have accomplished more.

THERE IS a difference between reporting a murder and writing a detective novel. It is a difference not only of degree, but of original intent—in one you are describing a situation involving people, in the other you are creating people in a situation. The distinction applies as well to documentaries and narrative films, and it is risky to try to break it down. That is, you can readily insert documentary elements into a narrative film (if you do it conspicuously well, you will be called a neo-realist), but it is usually fatal to add fiction to a documentary.

In the case of *On the Bowery,* produced and directed by Lionel Rogosin and photographed by Richard Bagley, it is not fatal because the subject matter is so extreme that it commands shocked attention, but the film is seriously compromised by the "story." For example, at the end of his first night on the Bowery, the hero of the picture passes out and his buddy of the evening steals his suitcase. Next morning he wakes in a doorway and never even glances about for his property. How come? A one-night binge doesn't ordinarily make a man forget he had a suitcase (particularly when it contained a valued watch). Is he, perhaps, so drowned in remorse that he no longer cares that he has been robbed? Why, by the way, has this seemingly healthy, rather rural looking fellow fled to skid row in the first place? Why is he so fond of that watch? If it is a documentary about bums under the el, we accept what we see; but if it is becoming a story about a fellow named Ray, we want some explanation of his sorry behavior, some indication of how his background equips him to get along in the city jungle, some outcome to his history.

On the Bowery cannot answer such questions because it is merely recording a state of affairs. It has no real story to tell and no actors to tell it with; its producer thought that a "narrative thread" would help to hold their journalism together. It is late in the day to make that mistake.

Ignoring this confusion for a moment, *On the Bowery* is a vivid report of skid row scenes and types, but it is not a particularly distinguished documentary, for all its European medals. It shows you the filth, futility, sickness and occasional flash of grim humor which you can see for yourself by walking any day through any of New York's flophouse districts. A documentary should do more than that—by patience, sensitive observation, selection, juxtaposition it should extract the quality, the composition, of its subject. The men who made this picture, it seems to me, had not the patience or the sympathy to get that result. A few scenes—notably some early mornings on the street and some night saloon carousings—suggest what might have been done. But right away the film makers begin to stir the pond they are supposed to be observing. The bums start acting—in some places they even attempt to speak lines—and the truth vanishes in embarrassment and a desire to oblige.

From whatever viewpoint, *On the Bowery* is a "made" picture with actuality sometimes breaking through. It may be a terrible warning to apprentice alcoholics, but it will scarcely take a place with *Drifters* or *The Plow that Broke the Plains.*

Bridges

tile by green tile
through spring the trees
build bridges
breaching boughs
through blue river
in a gaudy palatial summer

baroque arches
vaulted into rambling
acres of sun
exploded
in mosaics of flame
disintegrated against
seared earth

ashes settle
in curling pools
in their gnarled girders
winter wails

and the end of a world
is misunderstood
lacks a human word
or will for what is ultimate
or what is good

else all spring
through sky
tile by tile
the human bridges would
rise till summer high
they stood and a fall
before the will of winter
would seem small fee
for that green sky

HAROLD DICKER

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

PUBLIC SERVICE programs — the shows which aspire to enlighten, inform and even occasionally inspire viewers—were the subject of a recent conference in Boston, sponsored by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company. Impatient with the "educational equals dull" tag, several hundred broadcasters labored to share ideas and techniques with their peers.

Something happened during those three days in Boston that wasn't planned at all. Maybe it will prove significant. The first hint came when a panel of distinguished men spent two hours trying to find a formula for "Showmanship in Public Service," their topic for the evening. The subject was tossed back and forth by some of the best creative minds in the business: Robert Saudek; Louis G. Cowan; TV-minded professors Frank Baxter and Bergen Evans; Edward Stanley who has just launched NBC's Educational Series; and James MacAndrew, moderator of *Camera Three* who also directs broadcasting for the New York City Board of Education. No one came up with a prescription which would inject showmanship into the skinny arm of public service.

In session after session thereafter, it became clear that there is no suitable injection, that the best public service programs do not come from trying to ape mass entertainment shows at all. Ralph Renick, a quiet young man from Miami's WTVJ, showed film of citizens of Del Ray Beach working out a dangerous segregation dispute over swimming facilities. He had made no effort there to provide either showmanship or entertainment, but it was an absorbing half-hour.

Listening and watching the proceedings, we gradually become certain that serious TV programs are not the poor relations of fat-budgeted entertainment shows. They are not even distant cousins, and the attempt to force them into the same family could not possibly have worked. From three days of earnest

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talk we reached the conclusion that a serious subject should be treated seriously for a serious-minded audience, and that such programs may even find a sponsor who wants to reach such a group. We might have known this without going to Boston, but the important thing is that some of TV's most influential voices have now demonstrated it.

SOME people have already shown that a well-conceived idea can be put successfully to an audience interested in thoughtful, creative and informative TV. They haven't tried for the big ratings; mercifully they have courted the interest of a limited group. *Omnibus* has done a lot, with special Ford Foundation support, and hopefully will keep to the same approach now that it is independent. *Camera Three,* which started as a local New York show, is a multi-award winning CBS network public service series. My Sunday mornings have been illuminated by its interest in arts, literature, history. The Socratic dialogue, "Freedom vs. Law," was the subject of one program. Socrates' jail—a few strands of rope strung from ceiling to floor—was made as real as bars in an elaborate stage set by the words. Two skilled actors in business suits allowed the ideas of the great reasonable mind to penetrate without distraction. A study of Max Beerbohm brought out the essence of the satirist with the help of Louis Kronenberger's lucid comments and a brief dramatization of *Enoch Soames.* Recently I saw an experimental work by Igor Stravinsky—"The Story of a Soldier"—which combined drama, dancing and music in an old Russian folk tale with a Faustian theme. The set was a winding strip of canvas on the floor to represent the road the soldier travelled, a pallet and a chair or two.

"We have been accused of having a budget," said Jim MacAndrew. "I would like to deny that." He could not add that although his budget may be low in dollars it is sky-high in the intelligence and taste with which he and producer Lewis Freeman approach their weekly half-hour. CBS' *Odyssey* uses similar themes, but tries to be a big spectacular. Elaborate, most *Odysseys* leave me desolately shipwrecked, awaiting rescue by the refreshing simplicity of Gerald McBoing Boing who immediately follows.

Good television need not be dull, nor need it be fenced off in an educational pasture. NBC's Educational Series, produced for the country's twenty-five educational stations, suffers from being thus isolated. From conditioning, I find myself waiting for the moderator of the day to reveal himself as a school teacher after all, instead of regarding him, as I do MacAndrew, as a friendly guide to the subject at hand. It was against some odds that my attention, in Monday's literature course, was captured by exquisite readings from *Drums Along the Mohawk* by Julie Harris, Ed Begley and James Daly. On geography Tuesday, I began to get an inkling of what mountain ranges mean to man and society. Mathematics, government and opera fill out the week.

But NBC has relegated its stimulating series to TV's doghouse. In the largest city in the world, where there is no educational station, the series can only be seen two weeks later on kinescopes. And NBC's flagship station in New York has chosen to run these on Saturday afternoons and early on Sunday. Such scheduling will undoubtedly be followed in other cities. At the moment, public service programs must either attempt to compete on the entertainment circuit or be pushed aside. The viewers who want this level of fare on their home screens are not in the majority, and cannot be reached by mass devices. But why not throw the minority viewers an occasional half-hour bone to gnaw on through the rest of the day's TV inanities?

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 31 through April 6

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 31

CINDERELLA (CBS). A 90-minute version of the fairy tale, set to a free-flowing Rodgers and Hammerstein score, with Julie Andrews in the title role, supported by Jon Cypher (Prince Charming), Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney (King and Queen), Edith Adams (Godmother), Ilka Chase (Stepmother), Kaye Ballard and Alice Ghostly (Ugly Sisters). Keeps close to the original story—with mice, pumpkin, glass slipper and all.

POLAND, 1957 (CBS; See It Now). A Murrow-Friendly report compiled since the start of the Poznan riots.

THE BIG BUILD-UP (NBC; Alcoa Hour). Another in the currently fashionable show-business-is-ruthless dramas. This one by Roger Hirson.

DEAN PIKE (ABC). Dr. Alonzo Moran, president of Hampton Institute, will be Dean Pike's guest to discuss the future under integration of Negro churches, colleges and other institutions.

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION (CBS). One of the nation's most popular dance teams in the first of their bi-weekly shows.

Monday, April 1

THE GREAT SEBASTIANS (NBC; Producers' Showcase). TV debut of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in an adaptation from the Broadway original made by Lindsay and Crouse.

Tuesday, April 2

THE LAST SIGNER (ABC; DuPont Theatre). Czechoslovak immigrant is moved to sign his name to an historic copy of the Declaration of Independence. An original drama by Frederick Brady.

Friday, April 5

MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS). Sports special from Augusta, Ga. Also on April 6 and 7.

Saturday, April 6

EDUCATIONAL SERIES (NBC). Mathematics and American Government (by kinescope recordings) on commercial stations. Geography, Opera History and The American Scene will be shown on Sunday, and the same schedule will continue for thirteen weekends.

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MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

OF THE New York City Ballet's additional new works the first, Todd Bolender's *The Masquers,* offers poor Melissa Hayden in still another distressing sexual misadventure, this time one that ends with her murder; and Jacques d'Amboise, who in *The Still Point* was the youth whose pure love redeemed her, this time is the brute who mistreats and finally kills her. The important thing is not the unpleasant story but the uninteresting dance movements in which it is realized on the stage. Bolender has given us delightful invention for comedy in *Souvenirs,* but nothing comparable in his serious ballets. The music was an inconsequential piece by Poulenc; David Hays designed the costumes and scenery which included a movable gateway, the significance of whose changed positions was not clear.

Francisco Moncion, who contributed the arresting "Music Box" episode to *Jeux d'enfants* last year, offered his first full-length ballet in *Pastorale,* which is about a blind youth's encounter with a blindfolded girl who has strayed away from her fiancé and companions, and the distressing situation when they find her. Again the important thing is the dance movements in which the incident is realized; and for me the piece comes alive when Moncion begins to move in his encounter with the girl, and what precedes and follows this dance of their involvement is only competent use of familiar materials. The effectiveness of the central encounter is heightened by Moncion's force of presence and projection as a dancer, and by the similar contribution of Allegra Kent in the part of the girl. The luxuriantly nostalgic music is by Charles Turner; the scenery, mostly a striking tree, by David Hays; the costumes by Ruth Sobotka.

It was not only in *Pastorale* that Allegra Kent was impressive: in her every appearance—and most notably in *Divertimento No. 15* and *The Four Temperaments*—she compelled fascinated attention with her exquisite modulation of bodily configurations and movements, her clarity and exactness, her fluidity and grace, her projection of personal radiance and force. All these made her advent to the first rank of soloists more eventful than the new ballets.

WHILE I am at it I will add a word about the achievements of some of the other dancers: Janet Reed's side-splitting performance in the drunken pas de deux in *Filling Station;* Bliss's execution of his enormously difficult variation in *Divertimento No. 15*; Barnett's brilliance in the solo parts he has been given, and especially his dazzling speed and delicate precision in the "Candy Canes" dance of *The Nutcracker,* his soaring elevation in the finale; Richard Thomas' miming of the benign and sinister Herr Dresselmayer in the first act. And I will also mention Ottavio de Rosa's perfunctory hurrying of much of the beautiful music of *The Nutcracker* in the performance he conducted.

Anyone too young to have seen Alexandra Danilova would, I think, do well to see her in her guest appearances in *Gaité parisienne* with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe in April. Her entrance solo in this piece, in which she enchanted one with her grace and distinction, her wit and feminine charm, is well within her present powers; and she should be able to manage the famous waltz with Frederic Franklin.

SEVERAL valuable recordings previously withdrawn by RCA Victor have been reissued in its new *Vault Treasures* series. Two of the most important are Schnabel's post-war recordings of Schubert's Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142 on LVT-1019 and Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 on LVT-1010, both of which require stepping up of bass for adequate solidity. The famous Glyndebourne Festival *Marriage of Figaro* conducted by Busch is on LVT-2000, reprocessed with stepped-up treble which not only brightens the orchestra but changes the voices; and if one gets the voices back to natural by cutting down treble, the orchestra is as dim as it was on LCT-6001. In addition the voices are distorted in the part of Act 4 originally on side 24, which has been dubbed this time from an obviously defective 78-rpm source.

Stravinsky's *Danses Concertantes,* performed by Stravinsky himself, is available again on LVT-1029, with the Divertimento from *Le Baiser de la fée* on the reverse side. And it is good to have Monteux's performances of Debussy's *Images* again on LVT-1036; for he makes the texture and the progression of *"Rondes de printemps"* clearer than Van Beinum does on Epic LC-3147. Luckily Victor hasn't changed the recorded sound of this piece and *"Gigues"*; but *"Iberia"* has been given a coarse and confused "brilliance" by "enhancement."

That brings me to the Toscanini recordings that have, for some reason, been transferred to this series. The Tchaikovsky *Manfred* on LVT-1024 and Beethoven's *Leonore* No. 3 Overture on LVT-1025 are still damaged by "enhancement," but listenable. And the Act 2 of Gluck's *Orfeo* is less strident in the climaxes but also has less solidity, requiring the stepping up of bass.

And that concludes my writing in this column.

THIS is Mr. Haggin's final column.

BEGINNING next week, Lester Trimble will discuss music regularly in these pages. For the past six years Mr. Trimble has been reviewing for the New York Herald Tribune; *he has also written for* Musical Quarterly *and* Notes. *Mr. Trimble is a composer of distinction. His musical education began at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and for a period he studied with Darius Milhaud at Tanglewood. He then went to Paris for further study with Milhaud and with Arthur Honneger. He is a member of the American Composers Alliance. His compositions have been performed frequently in New York and have been broadcast in Europe over Radiodiffusion Française and the Swiss Radio. His Concerto for Winds and Strings was played for the first time in Copenhagen last year; it has recently been recorded by M.G.M. in a performance conducted by Carlos Surinach.*

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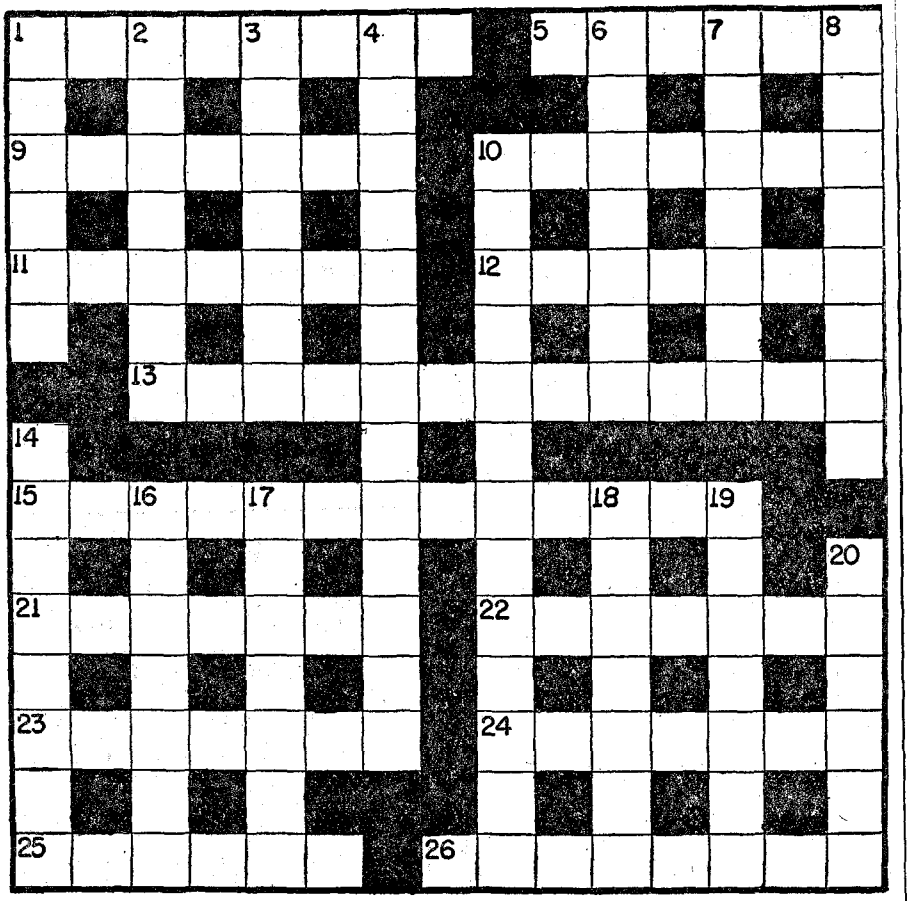
Crossword Puzzle No. 717

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The way to send around and almost come in, only to have it put away again. (8)
5 Deep-seated enmity sounds as though it wasn't commissioned. (6)
9 The laziest Able Seaman could demonstrate a lot of stalling! (7)
10 Watch with both eyes the construction of a town. (7)
11 Would he be considered unfaithful? (7)
12 It's reasonable to return after a short period of time for such devotions. (7)
13 Dogmatic pronouncements with high spots and side projections to make up the rules. (13)
15 The making of such a grand time is in directing the execution. (13)
21 At least there's one Russian who died after '51 in a different country! (7)
22 Facsimile. (7)
23 See 4 down
24 French dramatist who took the wrong alternative to be upright. (7)
25 Waste one's due reward? (6)
26 Following loser implies a miss is sad, but one might be cleaner. (8)

DOWN:

1 Crusty bread in an essayist. (6)
2 Rallied. (7)
3 Should be descriptive of the air. (7)
4 and 23 across Time for a Friends Meeting? (Implies a continual carnival environment!) (3, 6, 4, 7)
6 The House is recessed, in these parts. (7)
7 Drink concocted by 10 across with the North rather than the West. (7)
8 Take stock again. (8)
10 The alternative to success or failure seems to be art work. (3, 4, 2, 4)
14 A candle might be big, but not paid for. (8)
16 Certainly not riot-squad helmets! (7)
17 Wind of the plain or the region west of it. (7)
18 Cul-de-sac which seems to make itself out-of-date. (7)
19 I'm in favor of it, but such an expression wouldn't imply as much! (7)
20 The country is like Kenesaw Mountain. (6)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 716

ACROSS: 1 TIGER RAG; 10 EXAMPLE; 11 REPRISE; 12 and 5 across INDOOR SPORTS; 14 PARADISE; 16 VISITOR; 17 ON TAP; 18 AGAR; 20 LOATHED; 22 ELSA; 24 BEFIT; 26 STIRRUP; 29 COMPLETE; 30 DAMPER; 32 MODICUM; 33 OUTINGS; 34 and 31 down DRY AS A BONE; 35 MEDDLERS. DOWN: 1 and 14 down THE BIG PICTURE; 2 GLADDEN; 3 REPROVAL; 4 AXES; 6 POPLAR; 7 RAIDING; 8 SHE-BEARS; 9 TREAT; 13 RIPOSTE; 15 ROSEBUD; 19 WELCOMED; 21 DEPARTED; 23 SOMEDAY; 25 IMPINGE; 26 SLACKS; 27 ITEMS; 28 FRISKS.

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